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It All Just Gets Worse From There



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Red... Blood red. Some of the water gets in my mouth, and I find that this isn't water. I'm in a lake of blood. With the metallic tang of the warm blood still in my mouth I try to swim to shore. With every stroke I take, I am being pushed, farther and farther, from shore. I'm being sucked into an abyss that is a river.

A blood river. It could be hundreds of miles long, with unknown dangers. How am I supposed to get out of this? And that's the last thing I think about before my body is ripped into the current, no possible way out.

When I was a little girl I spent a lot of time swimming. My mother thought I was part fish, and I really couldn't blame her. Those were the good days. The days before mom met Mick. All that time spent in the water taught me a thing or two, but never did it prepare me for this. Jagged rocks and raging rapids threatening to tear me apart with each near miss of their deadly force.

All I can do is keep my head above the blood and hope for the best. With all my struggling I fail to see the rock coming up to my left, and with how fast I'm going hitting it would cause me damage. I cry out in pain. Now I only have one arm to keep my head above the blood. Every time my arm moves, intentional or otherwise, I get a jolt of pain up my arm to the back of my neck. That's when I realize that I'm probably not going to make it out of this, and I am okay with that, so, I let go.

Then, I notice, the current isn't pushing me anymore. I am so tired and my clothes are so heavy now it's hard to keep my head above water. Actual water. This isn't blood! But it is salt water. It

burns my throat with each accidental gulp. I'm in the ocean. The water is so deep I can't see the bottom. I can't feel it. The water seems to be black. Surrounded by moonlight. Hopeless.

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That's when I wake up. After so long of what I thought would be the end. I wake up. It doesn't matter though, because I wake up to a reality scarier than the previous one. My brother is on top of me. Its one of his visits. He's here for more than just some "sisterly" love. And all I can do, is let it happen, all the fight gone from me since I was small. Since after the first time he came to "visit".

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